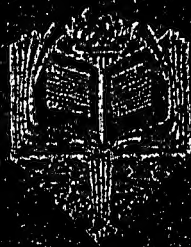


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Mr. Dan A. Cameron

with Season's Greetings

from Lilian V. Gay.

1136 Thirteenth Ave. N.W. 1941.

~~W. W. W.~~
FOREWORD

“O”

From the golden prairies of Saskatchewan have come many beautiful things, but none lovelier or of more grace than its poetry.

This little book voices the tenderest thoughts of writers who know that heaven lies about us everywhere and every common bush is afire with God. We are fortunate indeed to have people living on the prairie who still see visions and dream dreams, and make everlasting beauty in a war-torn world.

To lovers of goodness everywhere this little book is affectionately dedicated.

Sincerely yours,

EDNA JAQUES,

I AM A PART

I am a part of all that I have been—

The hawthorn's shade, the robin's wistful
note,

I have the bitter berries in my heart,
The robin's happy message in my throat.

Just as a tree is part of all the sun

That ever shone upon its smallest leaf,
So is my heart a living manuscript,
Of all that I have known of joy or grief.

I am the laughter of the waking spring,

The pulse beat in a root below the ground,
The small hands of a vine against a wall
A clump of tangled willows closely bound.

I am a part of all the friends I've known,

The love I've shared—their laughter and
their tears

The seeking and the finding of a dream
The braggart's boasting and the widow's
fears.

I am a part of all that I have been

The years have multiplied the bread and
wine,

The harvest waits beyond the heaven's rim
Where all that I have lost is truly mine.

EDNA JAKUES.

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD OF HAPPINESS

(Rondel)

That pagan god on the mantel there,
With shaven head, and a roguish grin
On fat old face with a dimpled chin,
Is wondrous rare, from a Chinese Fair.

A robe embroidered he deigns to wear,
Some lotus blooms, carnelian pin,
That pagan god on the mantel there,
With shaven head and a roguish grin.

He holds sway there in the fire's red flare,
As incense curls from his mouth within,
In ancient rite as in learned Pekin,
While low he squats on his feet both bare,
That pagan god on the mantel there,
With shaven head and a roguish grin.

M. C. TAYLOR.

LOVE'S TOKEN

He stooped and picked a flower
And placed it in my hand,
With feeling in those dear brown eyes
I well could understand.

My grandson was but seven,
His gift a wild bluebell,
But orchid or a dew-tipped rose
No more of love could tell.

M. C. TAYLOR.

THE RED ENSIGN

See the red flag of Britain
Fluttering in the breeze!
From fifty staffs the ensign laughs
When the convoy sails the seas.

The flags are alive and speaking,
Shouting of deeds well done;
All brave and clean, they're proudly seen
As the convoy passes on.

Tattered? Why yes! A little!
Faded? Perhaps! A few!
Weary? Oh no! For on they go
Emblems of courage true.

New brilliance they have gathered;
New glory dyes the red.
For that bright flame but won new fame
When the angry Lion bled.

Conscious of their high mission,
Sure of their destiny,
Their blaze streams far, be't peace or war
When the convoy sails the sea.

E. A. GODDARD.

WINGS

It was some twenty years ago
We waged grim war 'gainst this same foe
That we are fighting now to-day
Locked in this harsh and deadly fray.
The soldiers camped within our town,
And on the streets marched up and down
In khaki neat and buttons bright,
They made a pleasing happy sight.

Our little boy of half-past-three,
Followed the soldiers in his glee.
One day I missed him from his play,
For with the soldiers he did stray.
"My son," said I, "why mother grieve?
You should not stray without her leave."
"Mother," he said, "when I am older
I want to march and be a soldier."

The years have sped, he's now a man;
He's shaped his life by his own plan,
Has heard his country's fervent call,
And said, "I'll give my life, my all—"
He rides a plane high in the skies
And shakes the stardust from his eyes;
The pilot and the gunners too
Take orders from this boy in blue.

He charts his plane and sets it right,
And scouts about in darkest night.
Our task at home is just as great,
'Tis true it's hard to watch and wait
Until this war of nerves is o'er,
And evil's vanquished from our shore;
The wrongs to other nations cease,
But only then—we shall have peace.

OLIVE WRAY HEYWOOD.

THE THREE KINGS

See the tired camels plod
O'er the wind-scored sand.
Creaking cordage strongly holds
Trappings rich and grand.
Low before them, in the night
Burns the star, so golden bright.

One from Babylon had come,
One from ancient Tyre,
One from far-off flooding Nile
Moved by wild desire.
Men and beasts are weary now,
Grimed with dust from foot to brow.

So the one from Babylon
Murmurs, "Gold I bring,
Chains, rings, lockets, jewels bright,
Gifts unto my King."
Then the sage from Egypt cries,
"I bring frankincense,
Priest is he to whom I go
To offer reverence."

Then spake he who came from Tyre,
"Myrrh is my sole gift.
He is Prophet whom I seek
To my soul's uplift."
So they brought their gifts to Him
Born that night in Bethlehem.

E. A. GODDARD.

WHITE MAGIC

These are the days when snowflakes float
Like petals to the ground,
And every harsh and barren hill
Becomes a fluffy mound.

The river has a crystal roof,
And every little pool
Is rendezvous for shining blades
Of children home from school.

These are the nights when frosty stars
Like little lamps on high,
Compete with beams of Northern Lights
That spray across the sky.

Now hoar frost comes on padded paws;
At dawn when we awake,
Each bush and tree is filigree
Like frosted wedding cake.

GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

IN ENGLAND NOW

In England now the sirens wail,
And little children's faces pale,
As frightful din fills earth and sky,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
As though knocked down by giant flail,
Or flattened out by mighty gale
Accompanied by blasting hail,
Whole rows of buildings ruined lie
In England now.

The dying groan, men curse and rail,
But never will their spirits quail,
"If need be, we'll for England die,
Surrender? Never!" their proud cry.
Though foes assail, Right Shall Prevail
In England now.

F. HELEN HYDE.

I HEARD YOUR VOICE

I heard your voice as you cried out to me,
Sprang up to answer, no one could I see;
I had been wrapped in slumber, but your cry
Awakened me, I thought that you were nigh;
'Twas but a dream, so cynics would agree,
Impossible that your voice here could be,
For you are many miles across the sea,
Recalling this, regretfully I sigh—
I heard your voice.

Today your letter came, apparently
You felt Grim Death in close proximity—
You called for me; I hastened to reply,
On your behalf petitioned God Most High.
Was it through strange, occult telepathy
I heard your voice?

F. HELEN HYDE.

CAPITULATION

Hasten, old Winter, we've had enough
Of ice, bitter winds and snow
Hear in the offing the heralds of Spring—
A mischievous sprite you well know.

She'll disport herself in your own domain,
Not even a "by your leave;"
Dazzle your eyes with her beauty, then
Laugh at you up her sleeve.

Whisper sweet words in your eager ear,
Woo you with wind blown kisses;
Past experience should prove you immune,
Seldom her strategy misses.

Trail a green gown where your mantle once
spread,
Bind a gay plume in her hair,
Look with disdain on your tarnished jewels,
Emeralds she chooses to wear.

Millions of tiny green blades will spring up
Wherever her fairy foot treads,
Down the hillsides, through meadow and wood
Weaving her silvery threads.

Blinded, bewildered by wind driven spray,—
To escape this heartless jade
Forced to flee to the mountains, there don
New robes for soiled ones and frayed.

There, while the blast of the fierce North Wind
Chills the warm rays of the sun,
You'll patiently wait, cold and aloof;
Each season its course must run.

ALMA BARKER.

TO THE WILD RHUBARB

We found you in a low, damp, sandy spot,
So sturdy, gay and gorgeous there you
grew,

Breathless, we paused the vision to behold,
A garden, in this stricken land we knew.

A minist'ring angel to our weary eyes,
No need of gardening care you asked or
knew,

The simple urge deep down within flowed free,
And lo, you blossomed forth in gorgeous
hue.

Through all the year you glorify my room,
As lovely here as in your native sand,
Your beauty lives, though born mid seeming
dearth,

Dear flower of the stricken western land.

JEAN BROATCH.

GUILTY

Think you, who judge a fellow man
And thus disrupt creation's plan
That man should live upon the earth
Until he prove his greater worth...
Would love unfold this image rare
And proper joys and hopes repair
The thought now bent on foul intent
Would it be cleansed and purified
By loving care so long denied?

How can you judge who have not known
Futility...or ravaged home.

JEAN BROATCH

WINTER

So much of pleasure here on earth
Is granted us with Winter's birth.

 We need the hail and snow and rain,
 With frost upon the window pane
To best enjoy the warmth and cheer
Of blazing hearth and chairs drawn near.

 The splendor, stark, of hills all white
 With contour clear to lend delight,
Take on an added beauty, pure,
Unseen with all gay Summer's lure.

 How can we really know a tree
 Until its beauty we can see,
Stripped bare of leaves and reaching high,
Dark-etched against a leaden sky?

CLARA HANSBERGER.

SOLITAIRE

Solitaire is a game I play
So often at the close of day;
Aces come out to sit apart,
Club falls on diamond, spade on heart.
I place one here, I move one there,
Ten on a Knave so debonair.
Kings and Queens must sit together:
They always do in any weather.
Sometimes one card will spoil the game,
It won't come out,—well, that's a shame!
That's just life Life,—you start with pride,
You get the breaks, cast care aside,
Your plans go well, your work is joy,
You think that nought will e'er annoy.
Alas! Alas! You miss your cue,
You've played it wrong: this day you'll rue.
Oh well,—reshuffle,—do not complain,
Your lesson learned,—just try again.

LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

STRANGE SPRINGTIME

(on a threatened invasion)

It seems unreal that I who love the Spring
Should urge her back and beg her not to
come;

Yet, high above the scarcely-pregnant earth
I hear the bombing planes that roar and hum
And show themselves in long "V" forms of
flight

Where once the homing geese defied the sight.

I always loved the fur-clad crocus buds
And welcomed them as if some long-lost
friend

Had come again to me. But now, the Spring
Seems not to herald joy, but pain portend.
I used to long for April's perfumed breath—
But then the Spring meant Life . . . not Death.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

EVENING AFTER RAIN

The storm across the sky had swept;
 In rainy curtains, dark, it wept,
 Receded slow, 'mid thunder's might,
 Till we beheld its lining bright.

Of mightier power than tumult loud
 There gathered an immense pink cloud
 Which sailed as a majestic form
 Defiant of a summer storm.
 In flame the evening sun shone through
 A vapor veil and brought to view
 The huddled cattle, glistening lea,
 Gay butterflies, and birds set free.

CLARA HANSBERGER.

A TRIOLET

The lilac plumes with charming grace
 In friendship wave the pastel sky.
 In dainty lavender with lace
 The lilac plumes with charming grace
 Waft fragrance rare to every place
 While splendid beauty greets the eye—
 The lilac plumes with charming grace
 In friendship wave the pastel sky.

-CLARA HANSBERGER.

SHIPS

I wonder are the ships afraid?
They move so restlessly,
And are they nervous as they sail
Out into Danger's sea?

I wonder if they feel the crash
That splinters through the side?
Or know the agony of death
As bow down first, they slide.

Or do the tankers feel the flames
That lick and soon devour,
Or feel the last explosion rend
Their plates, in that dread hour?

Are old and rusty, tired ships
Glad to lay burdens down?
They did their duty to the last
And have achieved the crown.

The proud, the lovely, happy ships,
The gallant and the gay?
A short life and a useful one
Their epitaph today.

E. A. GODDARD.

TULIP TIME

It is tulip time in Holland,
And the fields are flaming red;
But instead of serving beauty
They form pillows for her dead.
And the lovely Wilhelmina
Forced to flee her native land,
Prayed that God would spare her people
From this savage, warring band.

On they came by countless legion,
With their armored tanks of steel,
And the onslaught was terrific,
Under Hitler's ruthless heel.
One by one the smaller nations
Fall the victims of his prey.
Can our allies stem the battles
In this harsh and awful fray?

Raining bombs and blazing torches,
Killing children by the score;
Hell let loose in all its fury
In this wild and deafening roar.
We can help them in this struggle,
Though we're many miles away,
If our thoughts are always with them
We can lift our heads and pray.

OLIVE WRAY HEYWOOD.

WINTER REVERIE

I clung to the remnant of autumn,
red leaves and berries so scarlet:
warm days;
crisp nights;
the scent of smoke in the air
 left drifting
from the late bonfires in the wood;
the year was passing.

Then winter blasts came cutting
and slapping the trees with frost
laden blows—
bare trees,
standing like ruined umbrellas;
wind whistling
through the bare harp of the branches
like a weird witch's wail.

The crackling logs in my hearthplace
spitting, hissing, and flaring bright;
so-cosy
we sit here
the scent of smoke in the air
 left drifting
from John's now smould'ring cigar.

How pleasant to rest from the turmoil;
the rushing days now are over,
and we,
like the year,
have come to the slowness of winter.

LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

MY ATTIC WINDOW

I like my attic window small,
It has the strangest view,
Because the man who builded it
Has planned it all askew.

The panes of glass are two feet square,
Of them there are but two,
But one looks North, the other South,
Three ways I can see through.

Because they point toward the East
Where sun comes up at dawn,
I like my attic window best
Quite early in the morn,

When pigeons cooing on the roof
Say wake and look outside,
The snow has melted all around
'Twill soon be Easter-tide.

And there I find the daffodils
Have poked their petals through
And nestling near my window sill
Are catkins soft and blue. *f*
I'm filled with thoughts I can't express
Almost I want to cry;
I feel an Aura all around
Of Angels passing by.

I'm grateful for the Peace up here
And for this lovely view.
I'm glad my attic window
Is builded all askew.

GRACE BONNIS.

PRAIRIE WIFE

She was a lovely thing in youth, it seems,
With eyes like stars lit up with hopes and
dreams

As on she ran with eager flying feet
To greet the day her hair like golden wheat.

She lived through many years of prairie toil,
Of devastating drought and drifting soil,
Of aching frost and cruel searing heat
And whistling winds that mercilessly beat.

The years have left their scars upon her heart,
And shattered dreams of memory are a part.
But she has youth and beauty still, in spite
Of faded hair, rough hands and eyes less
bright.

For she has kept her courage undismayed,
Her faith untarnished, spirit unafraid.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

WINTER ETCHING

Deep drifts of snow laid waste the frozen land,
The trees were bare and crackled in the blast,
The dim light waned and darkness settled fast,
Slim fences round the homestead seemed a
band

Of finest 'thread ... while gusts of snow were
fanned

And mounted up as sails without a mast,
It seemed as if the very moon they passed,
So high they swirled without a guiding hand.

Within the homestead there in contrast burned
A crackling fire of e'en the selfsame trees,
The curling smoke and leaping flames rose up
The flue. Deep seated in our chairs a cup
Of steaming brew we sipped, our fancies free
To roam, the storm with all its terrors
spurned.

JEAN BROATCH.

IN AN ART GALLERY

The shadows lay in patterns on the floor,
With pools of dusty sunlight in between;
The Mona Lisa smiles with gaze serene,
Untroubled by the distant cannon's roar.
I too remain immune to sounds of war,
And stand with puzzled eyes before a scene
That seems one vast expanse of misty green.
Is this a landscape or some stormy shore?

But when I backward move the mists give
'way

To meadows green, delineated clear.
Thus will it be when Peace has come at last,
When from tomorrow we can view today,
Through misty blur new outlines will appear,
Perspective will give pattern to the past.

GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

NOSTALGIA AT A PICTURE SHOW

Pine woods are flashed upon the screen,
And instantly the hot tears start,
I am transported to familiar scenes,
And poignant longings surge within my heart.

I almost catch the pungent scent,
And feel pine-needles 'neath my feet,
I walk again those fragrant paths with you,
I live again those hours with joy replete.

How strange a thing is memory—!
Chance words, scents, scenes can bring again
From the sub-conscious mind, life's sweetest
hours,
Revivifying those fraught with deepest pain.

Loud laughter bursts upon my ear,
The mental images recede;
I concentrate upon the "silver screen",
Lest memory should cause old wounds to
bleed.

F. HELEN HYDE.

A FICKLE LOVER

The sun rides high in a sapphire sky
That cloudless charms my sight;
Soon hidden away is my lovely day
'Neath the folding wings of night.
The summer moon pours from its height
A paling light.

And as I dream, a silver beam
Reveals a single rose,—
Without regret the day forget,—
Its beauty faintly glows;
Night's peace my spirit overflows,
A soft wind blows.

It stirs the leaves of sleeping trees
Within my garden walls,
Its fragrant sigh, in passing by
My eager soul enthralls,—
Sweet memories of the past recalls,
And beauty palls.

ALMA BARKER.

REFUGEES

Dear mothers of those distant lands
Who reach toward us with loving hands,
To you entrust our treasured ones
That they be safe from plundering Huns.
With God's help these Isles shall be spared!
The memory of a child's love shared
Will prove our greatest consolation,
When, from her ruin and desolation
A greater Britain shall arise,
Bound closer by these living ties.

ALMA BARKER.

IN THE TROPICS

Dear little black babies come fast tumbling out
From quaint little houses that cluster about,
As through lanes a-winding I lazily trail,
By rainbow-spanned mountains and ferns
covered dale.

The blossoms entice me, blue, crimson and
gold,
Their perfumes enchant me like potions of old.
A waterfall's ripple, a cardinal's song,
Unite to inebriate all the day long.

I love the sweet plaint from the ukeleles
And loiter in shade of the beautiful trees,—
The banyon, palm, ironwood or monkey-pod
rare,—
To eat a banana, papaya or pear.

Each wave holds a thrill as it beckons to me
From turquoise and jade in the spread of the
sea.
By warm silver sands I am drugged with
delight,
Bewitched by the moon through the soft
purple night.

M. C. TAYLOR.

WHO WAS IT SAID ROMANCE IS DEAD

Who was it said romance is dead?
I'll tell you now how I was wed,
'Twas strawberry jam and home-made bread.

My kitchen was so clean and bright,
The curtains hung to let in light.
It really was a wholesome sight.

In early afternoon I heard
The whistling call of my love bird,
I ran and hid, tho' 'twas absurd.

He came right in calling to me,
He was a handsome lad to see,
I was as shy as shy could be.

He saw the jam and smelled the bread,
Who was it said romance is dead?
That very afternoon we wed.

JEAN BROATCH.

TWO PORTRAITS

Glamour Girl

Her furniture is Chippendale,
Her dishes finest Spode,
Pierre creates her coiffure
In the ultra-modern mode;
Her gown is styled by Adrian
(And she knows how to wear it)
She lives in royal splendor—
But her mind remains a garret.

Air Pilot

With cheerful eyes he scans the skies,
Then buckles helmet on;
He waves a hand to those on land,
And suddenly he's gone ...
The silent question follows him:
"Will you be back at dawn?"

GENEVIEVE SHANTZ.

A MOTHER SPEAKS

Was it for this, O Lord, I bore my son? —
Nineteen short years—and then he sailed
away;

He was so eager, laughter-loving, gay,
This quiet house resounded with his fun.
His father fought against the ruthless Hun—
"A war to end all war," men then did say,
Yet now again they wound, and maim, and
slay,
And blood-red streams o'er all the earth now
run.

Oh, members of the world, we must unite,
Nor be content just idly by to stand;
Our voices raise, when men peace terms
indite,
This time complete disarmament demand.
Meanwhile we pray that Right may conquer
Might,
Our sons return to this their native land.

F. HELEN HYDE.

SILENCED BELLS

Paris bells tolling,
Silently tolling,
Requiems sad, for the souls of her dead;
Hordes of Huns rolling—
Crashing and rolling
Over the fields where her loved ones have
bled.

Silently ringing,
Messages bringing
Of hope to men in their grief and despair.
In their soft pealing
Ever revealing
He will not fail to answer their prayer.

The Hun does not fear them—
He cannot hear them,
Deaf are his ears to the down-trodden's cry.
Count not the cost, France!
All is not lost, France!
Courage! A nation's soul cannot die.

On ears softly falling,
Are Easter bells, calling
From silent towers piercing the blue;
Old faith renewing,
With new strength imbueing
The unconquered spirit that still lives in you.

ALMA BARKER.

THE PRAIRIE TEACHER

A log school on the prairie wide,
A little cabin close beside
 A reedy slough,
An old car and a dog, Kildare,
My book-shelves and my fire-side chair,
 A friend or two,
Is all I took in Life's great stride,
And now no matter what betide
 I am content.
Fame's pinnacle I did not reach,
My destiny seemed but to teach,—
 It was my bent.
If through the years they came to me,
My pupils, and I helped them be
 Honest and strong,—
Helped them their future lives to plan,
The good and bad in life to scan,
 To shun the wrong,
And can with pride their lives relate,
Show them renowned in stations great,
 I am repaid,
And God I thank for life in me,
Though but a teacher it may be,
 That I was made.

M. C. TAYLOR.

SPRING

The air of spring is sweet with sound
Like Chinese crystals hung around
And lightly touching in the breeze
That murmurs softly through the trees.

Bird notes are linked in silver chains
Along with cadence of the rains
And rippling brooklets catch the light
To toss it back with music bright.

The trees are friends both old and true
That in the spring are garbed anew
With flower pageants marching past
Unfolding petals to the last.

Thus color, sound and incense sweet
Announce cold winter in retreat
While eyes are bright and voices ring,
Renewing youth with winsome spring.

CLARA HANSBERGER.

MARYLAND PARK

We leave the city's torrid heat,
To find a cool and calm retreat;
How thankful everyone should be
We are so far from lake and sea.
Through shady lanes and leafy bowers,
We while away the pleasant hours.
Slow winding river laps the shores
Where quiet boatmen rest their oars.
Cool spreading trees with arms outstretched
Against the blue of sky are etched.
On branches high in cosy nest,
The cradled birds with mother rest;
Gay songs of birds fill all the air
There's peace and beauty everywhere.
While bathers tanned and copper-skinned
By many suns and southern wind,
Are storing health for wintry days
By basking in the summer rays.
All these good things and many more
Are what one's sure to find in store;
It's just the place from heat to flee
And have a friendly cup of tea.

OLIVE WRAY HEYWOOD.

NATIVITY HYMN

Three wise men came to Bethlehem,
The Christ-child newly born
Lay cradled unaware of them
Offering gifts that morn.

Sleep Prince of Peace!

The wise men gave Him myrrh
And gold and incense sweet.
Making proud the heart of her
And ecstasy complete.

Sleep Prince of Peace!

Did Mary fear that morning,
As the angels sang of Peace?
Could she have known the warning
Of the sinful world's release?
The gold told of His kingship,
Incense His priestly role,
And after Christ-child worship,
Myrrh was of death the dole.

LILIAN VAUGHAN GAY.

A HUSH IS ON THE CAMPUS

A hush is on the campus:
The boys have left their play;
They've left their noisy, happy games,
And marched to war away.
A prayer is always on our lips,
"May they come back some day!"

Youths with the skill of eagles
They ride the midnight sky;
And hands that once on desk-tops wrote,
Write deeds of glory high.
But from great height, in black of night
Some will drop down to die.

They'll come to this old campus,
Not boys, but full-grown men,
And there re-live the happy times
Of boyhood days again.
And some will come when moon is white,
Nor shall we see them then.

EVANGELINE CHAPMAN.

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